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## A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

### JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR.

"THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL THINGS"—says the wise man—and now that "Merry Christmas" is past—the youths' keepsakes laid away and the childrens' bon-bons all devoured, and with Hope enlarged each one is reaching forward to "Happy New Year," it is well that other thoughts than "what shall we eat," or "what gifts shall we receive," should occupy the mind. To this end we give the following touching narrative of certain passages in the life of a poor clergyman in Wiltshire, (Eng.)—which forcibly impresses upon the heart the fact that the "truly good" are the "truly great," inducing us to exclaim:—

I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity.

I HAVE to-day, December 16, 1764, visited Dr. Snarl, and received from him £10, the amount of my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with some uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room, was I admitted into the presence of my reverend employer, who was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk.—The money designed for me was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really, he is a man of mark dignity; and I feel I can never approach him without the awe I should have in entering the presence of a king.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had walked eleven miles in bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money. My heart bent violently when I attempted to introduce the subject which I had been for some time contemplating—a little increase of my salary. With an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored to break ground, but at every effort words and voice failed me.

'Did you wish to say anything?' observed the rector very politely.

'Why—yes—pardon me; everything is so dear that I am scarcely able to get along in these hard times with this small salary.'

'Small salary! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 a-year.'

'For £15! Without a family, one might indeed manage with that sum.'

'I hope your family, Mr. Vicar, has not received any addition? You have, I think, only two daughters?'

'Yes, only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. Jenny, my eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve.'

'So much the better. Cannot your girls work?'

I was about to reply, when he cut the interview short by rising and observing, while he went to the window, that he was sorry he had no time to talk with me to-day. 'But you can think it over,' he concluded, 'whether you will retain your situation for a New-Year's gift.'

He bowed very politely, and touched his cap, as if wishing me to be gone. I accordingly lifted the money, and took my leave, quite disheartened. I had never been received or dismissed so coldly before, and fear that some one has been speaking ill of me. He did not invite me to dinner, or to partake of any refreshment, as he had done on former occasions. Unfortunately I had depended on him doing so, for I came from home without breaking my fast. Having bought a penny loaf at a baker's shop in the outskirts of the town, I took my way homeward.

How cast-down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still?—What if thou hadst lost the place entirely?—And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d. a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lillies of the field, and feeds the young ravens, will He not shield us with his Providence? Arouse thee, faint heart! We must deny ourselves some of our wonted luxuries.

DEC. 16.—I believe Jenny is an angel. Her soul is more beautiful than her person. I am almost ashamed of being her father; she is so much more pious than I am.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, 'You are disquieted, father?'

'Should I not be so?' I replied.

'No, you should not.'

'Dear child,' said I, 'we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can endure our harassment. You see our need is sore; £15 will hardly suffice for the bare necessaries of existence; and who will assist us?'

Polly seated herself on my knee, patted my face, and said, 'I wish to tell you something, dear father. I dreamt last night that it was New-Year's day, and that the king came to C——, where there was a splendid show.—His majesty dismounted from his horse before our door and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he ordered some of his own dainties to be brought in vases of gold and silver. Military music sounded outside, and, only think, with the sounds some people entered, carrying a bishop's mitre on a velvet cushion. It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-books. The mitre was put on your head, and it became you grandly. Yet the oddity of the thing caused me to laugh till I was out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. Surely this dream has something to do with a New Year's present; and it is now only fourteen days till New-Year's day.'

'Oh,' said I to Polly, 'how can you speak of such nonsense? Dreams can never come true but by accident.'

'But, father, are not dreams from God?'

'No, no, child; put away all such fancies.'

Although I said so to Polly, I write the dream down. When in despair, one is apt to seize on any trifle for support. A New-Year's gift would certainly be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

DEC. 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid but one. At five different places paid off £7, 11s. I have therefore left in ready money £2, 9s. This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them greatly. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable; but Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbor Westburn and I took together; and this goes hard with me. Here in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse races at Newmarket the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, 'To him who hath shall be given;' and 'From him who hath not shall be taken away.' I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Again murmering; fy upon me. Wherefore should I complain? Not surely for a newspaper which I am no longer able to take. May not I learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica, or any such matter of foreign news? I do not fear for Paoli, for he has 20,000 veterans.

DEC. 18.—How little makes a poor family happy! Jenny has procured a grand cloak at the slop shop for a mere trifle; and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I; but they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New-Year's day; and Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it, I wager the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians sent him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in luxuries. Until New-Year's day we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbor Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the news,paper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said, 'Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me.'

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

THE SAME DAY, EVE.—The baker is a somewhat narrow-minded man. Although I owe him nothing, he fears that I may. When Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen, or half-burnt, he broke out into a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon credit—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It is distressing, and will be the death of me. The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for any thing but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that person treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a-pound more than others for his meat; and, when his abusive language could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2, 1s. 3d.—What shall I do if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr Snarl appoint another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

DEC. 19, EARLY, A. M.—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my very difficult situation. I thought of Mr Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; but poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New-Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to Dr Snarl:—

"REV. SIR—I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

The office with which you have entrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; and I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. When I humbly asked for a little increase of my small salary, your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessaries of life. I now leave your humane heart to decide.

I have labored sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old, and my hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no servant; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness; indeed we could not have paid for medicines.

My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing; but C—— is a little place, and very rarely have they got any. Most persons here do their own household work; none can afford to employ others.

I assure you, in all humility, it will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety.'

After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees (while Polly carried it to the post-office), and prayed for a happy issue to my communication. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. A word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully did I come from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at her work at the window with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly frame of mind; and, seating myself at the desk, wrote my sermon, 'On consolations in poverty.'

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician; he knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

THE SAME DAY, FORENOON.—This morning I received a note from a stranger, who had remained over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage.—He wore an old well-worn surtout, and boots which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but unfortunately without employment, and intended to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly, he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings, he said, would be a great assistance to him. Giving his name, John Fleetman, he promised me if I would favor him with that advance, that he would honorably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre.—There was no necessity for his depicting his distress to me so much at length, for his features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, because, as he turned his eyes upon me, he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, 'Will you leave me then, sir, without help?'

In reply, I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, 'You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C——, who has pity, if he has no wealth?'

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one; perhaps I did not know their hearts well enough.

I approached him and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, 'Mr Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor; but I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour.'

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, 'How odd! the stranger always comes first to me—and an actor to a clergyman!—There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog which looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee.'

When I arrived at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted; requesting Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, 'I know, father, what you think, and therefore I have nothing to advise.'

'And what do I think?'

'Why, that you will do unto this poor actor as you hope God and Dr Snarl will do unto you.'

I had thought no such *thing*, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks; it humbles me.—Ingratitude stirs my spirit up; and, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

'The same day eve.'—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had a great deal to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long discourse on the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. 'Charity should begin at home.' 'The shirt is nearer than the coat.' 'To feed one's own maketh fat;' and so on.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had a pancake and some turnips; and I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation.—It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long time fared so well.

Mr Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had; yet there was the shy reserved manner about him, which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed, also, that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There, however, he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlour dazzled the good man, the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpassed her mother; and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart; I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him.

As he was quiting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, 'It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side.' With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly, and so departed.

DEC. 20.—The day had passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year.—Considering what we had had of him, it was longer than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles; otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same as he is in great need of money; but what creditor is not? The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr Jones, who, on the whole—is a polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter;—but he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. I know that with a merchant credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law about me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I lent him; otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Again despairing! Go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down?' What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

DEC. 24.—One may be right happy after all—even when at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new clock.—She looks as beautiful in it as a bride; but she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New-Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up, and shows me how little expense she had incurred through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coal; and that, we find, is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight.—We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables; and with these Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parellel. And until then, we all hope that Mr Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow nothing evil of the comedian.

The personage is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life, and he will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger when the mischievious Polly exclaims, 'But he is an actor!' Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with noblemen and the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases.

'Yes, indeed!' said the sly Polly to-day very wittily, 'beautiful phrases! He called you an angel.

'And you too,' cried Jenny, somewhat vexed.

'But I was only thrown into the bargain,' rejoined Polly; 'he looked only at you.'

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxieties. Polly is growing up, Jenny is already eighteen, and what prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a vixen with a lugful of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face; that every body looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins as a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him he would give me credit till Easter. He has certainly never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of heavens They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

DEC 26.—Two distressing days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days several times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt, and I find I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are much more hospitable than here in this small town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal!—They did, indeed, have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little basket—and, besides, as it rained very hard, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of a very little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing; one's thoughts are clearer; one feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was worth nothing; but I will write it off to-morrow.

I have no heart to write a word of my conversation with Farmer Hurst. This morning as I was sitting by the fire, reflecting on various matters, a neighbor stepped in to ask if we had heard of a rumour that wagoner Brook at Watton Basset had destroyed himself. No such intelligence had reached us. The event gives us a new cause of distress. Brook was a relation of my sainted wife, and being a poor, though, as I believed a conscientious and trustworthy man, I, some years ago, became security for him to Alderman Fieldson for the sum of £100.

The bond which I gave Mr Fieldson was never cancelled. It was a thing hanging over my head, and the remembrance of it sometimes gave me trouble. Brook, I was told, had latterly been embarrassed in his circumstances, and had given himself up to drinking. I must visit Mr Fieldson, to know the worst.

SAME DAY, NOON—I have been to Alderman Fieldson, who comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but it was very doubtful whether Brook had destoyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence; so I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless, 'A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, and I am sure it contains money! But the postage of sevenpence.' Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy: so I pushed aside their scissors, and said, 'Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfullness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day; but now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter until after dinner.'

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must wisely learn us to practice patience.

THE SAME DAY, EVE.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came came not from Mr Fleetman, but from Rev. Dr Snarl.

He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses which I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

It now appears that the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation; and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he had married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honour.

My daughters turned deadly pale when they found that the letter did not come from Mr Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

All fear now vanished out my heart. I looked up, and said, 'Yes, Lord, I am thine.'

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters, who were sitting at the window; and saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance; but when they saw that I was composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfullness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not once allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it

was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

Dec. 28.—It is good to let the first storm blow over without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr Snar'ls letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs.—We purpose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is, that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

I am glad that Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement.—She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New-Year's gift. Dreams are surely nonsense, and I do not believe in them; yet there is a mystery about them not without interest.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to requst them to find good places for my daughters as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I shall not leave my daughters here.—The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar; while some are sorry that I must leave; but I know not who takes it most to heart.

Dec. 29.—I have written to day to my Lord Bishop of Sansbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He is said to be a humane pious man.—May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

Dec. 30.—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to prison. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me to bear.

Yes the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-Merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot speak to them of this dreary prospect.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God, and prayed; but I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything which has happened, or which I have heard, flits before me like a troubled dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldsen has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy, I must, as a matter of course, account to Withell, a woolen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds.

Mr Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. A hundred pounds! How shall I ever obtain so much money? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man; and I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now, I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr Withell is not merciful; for it is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

Same day, eve.—I am quite ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fy! And yet believe in a Providence! and a minister of the Lord! Fy, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof: I wished to prepare them for the worst.—Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man—more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences; to all which they listened earnestly, and in great sorrow.

'To prison!' said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. 'Ah, poor dear father; you have done no wrong, and yet have to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will not rise until he releases you!'

'No,' cried Polly, sobbing, 'do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not, for all your tears, give up a farthing of our father's debt. I will go to the woolen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labor what father owes.'

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed; but they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last, said Jenny, 'Why from all these useless plains? Let us wait for Mr Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, I say, go to prison. Perhaps you will be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for you go without guilt. There is no disgrace in it. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure you everything needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honorable and holy in it. We will come and visit you from time to time. You will certainly be well taken care of; add we will fear no more.'

'Jenny, you are right,' said Polly; 'whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and you.'

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angles of goodness at my side.

Dec. 31.—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true we often had scarcely enough to eat—still we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares—still, our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place I assuredly have lost: in my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in jail, separated from my good daughters. Still, Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell, and to a bad heart no heaven is heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation, is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honor. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study too closely the letter, and forgot the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one; because one may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment.—Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, 'Misfortunes seldom come singly; but the darkest is just before morning.' When things go hard with me, then am I most at my ease; always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy: I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble look more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance. When we grasp them, they are but vapors.

My misfortunes have taught me to consider, with amazing quickness, what will be their worst effect upon me; so I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes. This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me; so I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favourable to me; then all air-castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me.

New-Year's day morning. A wonderful and sad affair opens the new year. Here follows the history:

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at my front door. Polly was up, and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words:—"Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of its contents.

Polly received the box with joyful surprise. The man departed. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door. I answered and came in; and laughing wished me a "Happy New-Year," adding, "the promised bishop's mitre has come!" It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity; for hitherto the New-Year's presents for the Vicar of C——— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspect that my patron, the farmer, whose goodwill I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending the present before it was daylight.

When I was dressed and entered the parlor' Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed and of unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the lid were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—— But no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There before us lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wraped in a blanket. The covering, as well, as the little cap, was trimmed with costly Flanders' lace.

At such an unexpected sight we stood some minutes gazing with silent wonder. Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of her finger and in a tone full of pity said, "Poor dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast of such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. Poor as we are, I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said, "Be a mother to this little one! the step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God is trying our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it; therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not know indeed, how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan.

In this manner the matter was soon settled. the child continued to sleep sweetly on, and my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor little stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears o be much moved. With me it is as if I entered upon the New-Year in the midst of wonders, and—it may be superstition, or it may not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day eve.—I came home greatly exausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk: but I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfullness of of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlour. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a little wine, a New-Year's present from an unknown, benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it up.

Anxiously desirous of learning something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet, it contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter as follows:—

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred; he has been baptised. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months.—Therefore take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leapt with joy, and cried, there, then, is the Bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich we had suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look upon the gold upon the table. What a new year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly removed; but in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be that had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one; and yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence.

Jan. 2. Fortune is heaping her favors upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12 by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him He says as much. I cannot, alas! thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid that I should be lifted up foolishly with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleeman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with this Mr. Fleetman. Jenny coloured, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she were seriously vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter; but I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusinst. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve; exaggerating everything, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note, and ran thus:

"Excellent sir, when I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak and inhospitable world. I never shall forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me in your rich poverty, in your christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and ah! for your Jenny I have no words! Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the 12 shillings and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have them — the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon, perhaps, explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. We have bought him a beautiful cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bed side.—she watches day and night like a guardian spirit over her tender charge.

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)


# LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1848.


## CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

The "gold fever" grows more malignant, and men now talk of a voyage to California as cooly as they would, a few months since, of one to New Orleans. It has often been remarked that "the almighty dollar" was the American's god, and the adage is now fully verified. Our people worship it—they willingly relinquish their fireside,—brave the storms of our Atlantic coast at the most perilous season of the year, and incur the dangers of a tedious journey through one of the most pestilential countries upon the globe, to reach the gold which glitters in California; and we verily believe that if they were confident of meeting famine and death upon its shores, it would be no check to their infatuation. Gold is a most powerful magnet, and it becomes doubly attractive to an American. But before embarking upon a scheme of speculation to this modern "land of promise," it would be wise for them to awaken from their golden dream for a few moments, and look at the 'reality' of the thing!

It seems to be generally acknowledged, that the most safe and expeditious route is across the Isthmus, by the way of Chagres and Panama. Lieut. Loeser, of the Army, who has recently returned from California, furnishes to the New York Herald many highly interesting facts in regard to this route, which should be perused by those who contemplate taking it. He first describes the village of Chagres as merely a collection of huts, situated in the midst of a swamp, where the continual rains render it necessary to place logs of wood along the centre of the streets, to enable passengers to avoid the deep mire which is always found there. It is inhabited by colored people entirely, with the exception of some few officials at the Castle and in the Custom House. Its climate is said to be the most pestiferious for whites in the whole world. The coast of Africa, which enjoys a dreaded reputation in this way, is not so deadly in its climate as is Chagres. The thermometer ranges from 78° to 85° all the year, and it rains every day.—Many a traveller, who has incautiously remained there for a few days and nights, has had cause to remember Chagres; and many a gallant crew, who have entered the harbor in full health, have, ere many days, found their final resting place. As there are no accommodations at this point for travellers, it has always been the rule to hurry up the river, without even stopping an hour among the huts.—This part of the journey is performed in canoes, propelled up the stream by means of poles. The distance from Chagres to Cruces, which is the best landing place, is about fifty-five miles. "The traveller, who for the first time in his life embarks on a South American river like the Chagres, cannot fail to experience a singular depression of spirits at the dark and sombre aspect of the scene. In the first place, he finds himself in a small canoe, so small that he is forced to lay quietly in the very centre of the stern portion, in order to prevent its upsetting. The river itself is a dark, muddy, and rapid stream; in some parts quite narrow, and again at other points it is from 300 to 500 yards wide. Let no one fancy that it resembles the bright and cheerful rivers which are met with here at the North. No pleasant villages adorn its bank—no sign of civilization are seen on them; nothing but the sombre primeval forest, which grows with all the luxury of the tropics down to the very margin of its swampy banks; and the mangrove, and all the tribe of low bushes, which love to luxurate in marshy grounds, fringe the sides of the river, affording a most convenient place of resort for the alligators, with which the marshy country swarms. In view of the great and sudden influx of passengers to Chagres at the present time, it is impossible to say how they will all be accommodated with canoes, and what the river journey will cost. In former times the supply of canoes was quite limited, and the charge depended on the celerity with which the journey was performed. A doubloon ($16) was the lowest charge for a single passenger, and from that up to two, three and even four doubloons.

After reaching Cruces, twenty-one miles of land route must be accomplished before reaching Panama. "The usual method of performing it, is on horse or mule-back, with another mule to carry the baggage and a muleteer who acts as guide. The road is a mere bridal path, and as the rains on the isthmus are very heavy, and there is more or less of them all the year round, the mud-holes and swampy places are very numerous."

Those adventurous spirits who gaily talk of a walk across the Isthmus, the Lieutenant thinks would soon change their minds could they but see the road; and as for shooting game on the route, the thing would be impossible, as the thick and tangled woods abound with every description of wild beasts and poisonous reptiles.

About twelve hours journeying in this mode, brings the traveller to the famed city of Panama. This city before the recent influx of strangers contained from 5,000 to 7,000 inhabitants, and was a quiet, still city, where, during the day nought but the sounds of the convent and church bells disturbed the horses of the citizens in their grazings in the public squares, which were all overgrown with grass. The market and accommodations here are wretchedly poor. On account of the extreme heat, fish that are caught in the morning are soft by the afternoon. Meats must also be eaten immediately after killed, or else they will spoil.

After minutely describing the route across the Isthmus, Lieut. Loeser concludes by giving the traveller the following excellent advice:—

"If he has a passage engaged through to San Francisco, the Isthmus route is decidedly the quickest, and, all things considered, the least weary.

But—and I speak now more particularly to those who have but a limited amount of funds—just sufficient to carry them through to San Francisco without any stoppages—let these travellers beware how they try the Isthmus, if they have only engaged passage as far as Chagres: after their toilsome journey to Panama, (if they escape delay and fever at Chagres,) they may have to wait weeks for a passage to San Francisco, and when the long wished for opportunity occurs, they will find themselves unable to take it, as their expenses in Panama will have exhausted their means.

Thus situated in a strange, unhealthy country, moneyless and friendless, their spirits depressed by their situation, it requires no prophet to predict a heart-rending termination to their golden schemes."

## Parson Brownlow on South Carolina.

The editor of the Jonesborough (Tennessee) Whig received a circular dated 'Charleston, South Carolina, November, 1848,' signed by H. W. Conner, Hon. W. Gilmore Simms, and other citizens of South Carolina, suggesting the holding of a convention of the slave-holding states, and inviting his 'co-operation and counsel' in the matter. The editor replies to the circular, and after some remarks not very complimentary to South Carolina and its great master, concluded as follows:

"I regard your proposition for a 'convention of the slaveholding states,' together with an expressed determination 'to resist at all hazards' what you are pleased to style 'the aggressions of the Free Soil factions,' as a REVOLUTIONARY movement, having for its object the dissolution of this Union, and as such, I throw it back upon you with feelings of indignation and contempt.

I am a Southern man, with Southern principles, and will ever be found true to Southern interests, unless the South, in an evil hour, should consent to be led by John Cataline Calhoun, whom Gen. Jackson, sought to hang for TREASON and REBELLION, during his Presidential reign.

In conclusion, gentlemen my advice to you and the citizens of South Carolina whom you represent, is, to abandon your mad schemes of nullification and disunion, and to submit, as quiet and peaceable citizens, to the laws and constitution of your country. In obedience to injunctions of Holy Writ, 'Obey them that have the rule over,' and 'be at peace among yourselves.' If Gen. Taylor is the man I take him to be, and you urge your treasonable schemes of disunion, he will CARRY OUT the measure Gen. Jackson set on foot among you—he will hang some of your leaders, and subdue the rest of you at the point of the bayonet. He will send among you that same sterling Patriot, Winfield Scott, at the head of our regulars, who made his appearance in the harbor of Charleston, in 1832, under orders from Andrew Jackson.

Many gentlemen, with great respect, &c.

W. G. BROWNLOW."

## A Smart Woman.

Brave Women are by no means so scarce as some dried up (soul and body) old bachelors would have us believe, but the reason their deeds are not recorded, is because men are afraid to encourage them in their chivalric conduct, knowing if they do, they will no longer be considered "lords of creation." Here is an instance of female heroism that would do honor to a Spartan:—"An English vessel bound for Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, with a cargo of coal for the India steamers, lost her captain by death. The crew took this occasion to run away with the vessel and sell her on the Arabian coast. The captain's daughter, a young woman about 20 years of age, obtained some intimation of their design and resolved to prevent it. She armed herself with a pair of pistols, secured the arm-chest, and encouraging the mate and another man to stand by her, kept possession of the quarter-deck and bravely compelled the mutinious sailors to work the vessel into Aden, where they are now in confinement.

## The Wonderful Discoveries of Lt. Lynch.

Lt. Lynch, among other great discoveries in Palestine and the Dead Sea, actually fell in with the pillar of salt which represents Lot's wife, and has brought home some samples of it for the relief of the incredulous, which have been deposited at the Patent Office in Washington. A writer in the New-York Evening Post has the following upon the discovery:—

"Lot's Wife Corned for Exportation. Eighteen hundred and forty-eight is indeed the Annus Mirabilis. Hardly had the discovery of the gold in the West set our brains whirling and our fingers itching, before another discovery in the East, no less astounding, is served up to us in the papers.

Lt. Lynch has seen Lot's wife—the genuine and Saline Mrs. Lot, whose curiosity got her into such a 'pickle,' and Father Lot into such improper doings, 'genus unde Moabitum et Ammonitum.' No more doubt of it than of the wonders of the Sacramento. Just as specimens of the placer gold are deposited at the mint, to prove that all is gold that glitters in California, so are chippings of the spouse of Lot to be seen at the Patent Office—yea, and tasted, too, if any incredulous cannibals there be, to prove that the salt of Palestine has not lost its savor. We feel ourselves justified in supposing that the fervor excited in minds celestial will be but little less fervent than the fever which gold dust has created in the seekers after carnal things. What a FACT! What a THEME! What a valuable addition to the evidences! There she stands, that too inquisitive female, forty feet tall, a specimen of the punishments, the stature, and the salt of earliest antiquity. In one respect Moab has the advantage of San Francisco. Pilgrims will not have to encounter deadly siroccos or hostile sheiks to feast their eyes, for indefatigable Mr. Burton has already opened negotiations with the chief El Gammon to have this historical matron transported to the land of the free, and exhibited at the American Museum.

The question may perhaps arise,—How did Lt. Lynch find her? Was it that his excellent letters procured him an introduction to a lady who has been exclusive for so many years?—Or did he get possession of the copy of Murray's Handbook and Map, used by Lot in that eventful journey, in which, of course, the place of his bereavement would be noted and marked? Time and the Lt's. narrative will show. One thing is certain, that no discovery of equal historical and scriptural interest has been made, since the wheel of Pharaoh's chariot was fished up in the Red Sea. We congratulate the country that this honor should have been earned by an American naval officer—the more particularly, as the captain of an English frigate has recently distinguished himself by finding the great Kraken. Our Yankee sailors have always proved more than a match for British birdlings. Lot's wife is worth a dozen sea-serpents any day, and McQuhae's star will pale before that of Lynch. How pleasantly the two salts must have beguiled the tedium of a long voyage, by relating their discoveries to the marines!

☞ A New York paper advertises for three hundred Girls to go to California.

## THIRTIETH CONGRESS—Second Session

Washington, Wednesday evening.

Congress.—In Senate, 20th, Mr Downes, according to a previous notice, reported a bill in favor of bi-monthly steamers between New Orleans and Vera Cruz, which was referred to the naval committee.

Mr Breese moved that the bill for the graduation of the price of Public Lands, be made the order of the day for the second Monday in January. Agreed to.

Mr Dix moved that the House bill, admitting Canadian produce of certain kinds duty free, should be the order of the day for the 4th of January.

A bill for draining the everglades of Florida came up, and on motion of Mr Yulee, was postponed.

House of Representatives. Mr Vinton reported a bill providing for carrying into effect the 13th article of the Mexican treaty, respecting the appointment of Commissioners, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr Smith of Connecticut reported a bill providing for a government for Upper California, and moved to make it the order for a given day. Messrs. Toombs and Cobb objected. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On motion of Mr Cobb, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, for the reference of the President's annual message. Mr Fisher of Ohio spoke in opposition to the arguments of the message upon the Tariff, &c. Mr Lahm of Ohio followed.

He was friendly to the Tariff of 1846, but was in favor of some discrimination.—Washington Hunt of New York followed, criticising the message, and the House adjourned.

Washington, Dec. 21.

Congress. In Senate today, several memorials and petitions were presented. Mr Atchison of Missouri, presented the credentials of Senator Sebastian of Arkansas.

Mr Calhoun, who was about to be absent for a few days, wished that the Panama bill should not be taken up until his return, which was agreed to.

Various resolutions of inquiry were adopted.

A bill presented by My Dix, for the establishment of a collection district at Whitehall New York was passed.

Mr Baily of Virginia, and Mr Marvin of New York, followed, but their remarks are not of sufficient interest to be placed on record. The House rose without deciding upon the question.

The speaker called upon the states for petitions, and one was presented by Mr Evans of Maryland from the Messengers, bearing the Electorial votes of the states, praying that inasmuch as their mileage has been cut down from 25 cents to 12 1-2 cents per mile, which is amply sufficient, that the Honorable members should also reduce their own mileage, which was laid on the table.

Many resolutions were offered, one by Mr Gott of New York instructing the committee of the District of Columbia to prohibit all trade in slaves in the district of Columbia.—Mr Harrison of Georgia moved to lay the resolution on the table. The question was taken and decided in the negative.

The House, by the decisive vote of NINETY-EIGHT to "eighty-seven" solemnly resolved that

—"The traffic in human beings as chattels now prosecuted within this Metropolis of the Republic is contrary to natural justice, to the fundamental principles of our political System and it is a notious reproach to our country throughout Christendom and a serious hindrance to the progress of Republican Liberty among the Nations of the earth."

And thereupon instructed peremptorily the proper Committee to bring in a bill abolishing the Slave Trade within this District. This is the very first time that such doctrine has been broadly affirmed in Congress with respect to the Slave Trade here, though this body has not hesitated repeatedly to affirm it with regard to the 'African Slave Trade.'

Washington, Dec. 22.

The passage in the lower House of Mr. Gott's resolution, instructing the committe on the District of Columbia to report a bill prohibiting the slave trade in the District, has caused the most intense excitement here. A meeting is to be held in the Senate Chamber this evening, of the whig and democratic members of both houses, for the purpose, it is generally understood, of adopting such a course as will most likely be acceptable to all sections of the country. The city is full of rumors.

The work done in either House makes but a small show in telling, though it may have been considerable in the doing. In the Senate the everglades of Florida were discussed for some time, without actions on the bill, and then the Senate went into Executive session; after coming out of which some resolutions of inquiry were adopted. Mr Jefferson Davis was appointed chairman of the military committee, 'vice' Mr Benton, at the request of the latter, and the Senate adjourned over until Tuesday.

The House occupied itself for a while with the private calender and then adjourned.

## More Treasure-Finding.

All the world seems now to be stumbling upon the precious metals. Norway is following close on the heels of California. We learn from the Official Gazette of Stockholm, that on the 14th of September, the workmen employed in the Kongsberg silver mines found a lump of pure silver, weighing 280 pounds, and another on the 6th of October, equally pure, weighing 486 pounds. This mine was offered for sale in London, about twenty years ago, for £10,000, but could not find a purchaser. For the greater part of the time since it has yielded to the government nearly £20,000 profit annually.

School-Room Scenes. Boy.—Master, this gal keeps a sayin' I'm a thief!

Master.—What does she say you have stolen?

Boy.—She says I stole her character.

At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said: "I geth he did!—I geth he did!—for I theen him behind the theool houth etin' thoseethin'."

# LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

**A Family Journal:**

*Devoted to Literature and General Intelligence.*

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN PORTER.

TERMS.—One Dollar and fifty cents per Year, in advance; or two Dollars when payment is delayed until the close of the Volume.


## BY TELEGRAPH!

**TO THE LIME ROCK GAZETTE.**

BOSTON, Tuesday Eve., Dec. 26.

OHIO 22d.—An organization has at last been effected in the House by the choice of Mr. Lester(D)as Chairman and Mr.McClure(W) as Clerk.

NEW YORK 26th.—5 cases and 1 death, of Cholera, occurred at quarantine since yesterday. It is reported that the Panama steamer has returned. A despatch from South Carolina says the Legislature adjourned 20th inst.

MARKETS.—Flour is dull, but holders are stiff; sales of Western are quoted at $5,37 1-2 a $5,44. Supplies of Corn are light and holders are endeavoring to get the markets up.—There is no activity in any article of Provisions —Cotton steady.

NEW ORLEANS 20th.—The Cholera is rapidly increasing in the city. The weather is mild, and the disease is supposed to be generated by the atmosphere.

MARKETS.—Cotton is firm. The Flour market with but little business is in favor of the seller; sales 1500 bbls at $4,50. The market for Wheat has an upward tendency. Corn and other grain in favorable demand.

☞Hon. W. B. Seabrook has been elected Governor of South Carolina.

A Bill in favor of the contemplated Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, was laid before the Senate by T. H. Benton.

☞The Pope has left Rome secretly for France.

### FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Journal of Commerce publishes the following extracts of letters from Capt. Spring —commanding ship Huntress, at San Francisco, directed to her owners in New York:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21st, 1848.

I arrived at Monterey on the morning of the 10th inst., exactly 142 days from New York. My chance round the Cape was very fine, and on the 97th day I took an observation in 2 deg. North Latitude, and confidently expected to be at Monterey in 15, or at the most 20 days. I had been within four days run of my port 30 days previous to my arrival, enveloped in fog, with light winds and calms.

On my arrival I found such a state of things existing as it is not easy to describe. The town (if such it may be called) I found entirely deserted. There were not ten men, and about twice that number of women, left in the place. This was in consequence of the discovery of extensive gold mines on the banks of the river Sacramento, about 24 hours run up the river, where I am now lying.—Almost before I had heard of the news myself, my crew had got hold of it, and six of them were off. I found their was no facilities whatever for receiving or landing my cargo at Monterey, and being sure I could not be in a worse predicament here than there —I disembarked the troops and agreed with Governor Mason to proceed to this place.—On my arrival here, I found very much the same state of things as at Monterey. All the vessels in the harbor were deserted by their crews, instances by their officers, and in some by their masters. The facility with which any individual may, with only ordinary industry, pick up either in what are called the 'dry' or the 'wet diggings,' $2,000 or $3,000 worth of pure gold, in one month, is to much temptation for most men.

I have not yet begun to discharge. The only lighter to be had here, suitable for taking out my cargo, belongs to the government, and she is out repair. The Quarter Master has been hard at work ever since I have been in, getting her up on the beach. He has employed several house carpenters who came here from Oahu to go to the mines, at 8 a $10 per day to do this work.

Nominally, the price of day labor is $5 a $9, but no men are to be obtained, other than Indians or miserable worn out men, who cannot go, or else have been to the mines, and returned sick. Fifty dollars a month are paid for men to go very short distances about on the coast, with the bargain (if the vessel has any yards) that they should not go aloft,—They are for the most part disbanded volunteers, and a more miserable set cannot be found elsewhere, in a hospital. No men can be obtained at any price, to work out of the usual hours. The more they are paid, the less willing they are to work. Twenty-five cents a glass for grog, and $1 per meal, are the prices paid here. Gold being plenty, every description of goods is consequently high; $80 a $60 per pair for blankets, such as cost $4 in New York; $5 a pair for shoes, and everything pro rata. The charter of a small craft (formerly a long boat), decked, is $50 per day. The launch of the Peacock, lost on the bar of the Columbia some years since, arrived here yesterday, and was sold before night for $2,250 in good clean dust, 20 carats fine, at $16 per ounce. Another which came in from the river the same day, about a year old, of 18 tons, was sold for $4,000. They ask me $9 a 9,50 per dozen for washing. If I could only supply the place of my clothes by the purchase of new at New York prices, I would throw them overboard instead of having them washed.

I left the ship Isaac Walton, only two years old, at Monterey, without a man on board.—Not one of our men-of-war dare anchor in any of these waters, as they would lose their crews if they did so. At present, common property is safe enough, lying any where unwatched; it is too small game to be taken any notice of. There is now some danger in returning from the mines, as there are those who prefer to take the gold already washed to their hands, than dig and wash for themselves. The most extravagant stories are told of the quantities of gold found, and the ease with which it is obtained. I have myself seen pieces weighing one, two and three ounces, and in one instance, a lump perfectly pure, weighing more than ten ounces avoirdupois. It is said (my informant is Governor Mason, who had been on the ground,)that parties are digging many miles apart with equal success, and that for hundreds and hundreds of miles all the precious metals are found in great abundance. When I asked him how much I might believe of the many (apparently) exagerated stories that are told respecting the mines, he replied, you may credit almost anything you hear. Gold is sold here now at $10 the ounce; generally it has been selling at $8. Indeed, I have seen a great deal purchased from the common people at the latter price. Can you wonder that the common sailor overlooks his obligations under such circumstances?

I am told from good authority that the custom of those who sell liquor at the mines by glass, is to take from the little bag which the customer holds open, (a pinch) for one glass of bad watered whiskey. I tried the experiment, and found I could easily take up $4 worth of dust, at the rate of 16 per ounce Those who have a large thumb, and understand the business, can easily take up six or eight dollars in the same way. A day or two since, a gentleman with whom I am very well acquainted, from the Sandwich Islands, wanted a man to take his trunk from the beach to his lodgings, and seeing an idle, half-clad negro, (apparently a runaway from some vessel) he asked if he would like the job. The fellow cast at him an indignant glance, and turned away from him without deigning a reply; but after he had gone about five steps, he turned round and approached us, drawing from his bosom a small bag of dust, and said, 'do you think I will lug trunks when I'll get that much in one day?' He had more than $100.

Since I commenced this, I have seen an intelligent gentleman from Hartford Connecticut, who has just come down from the mines. He has been absent from this place two months, and although a man of deliecte constitution, (he came out for his health), the net proceeds of his expedition amounted to $1500. He gives me a vivid picture of the exhisting state of affairs up in the gold region. He thinks more than 2,000,000 of dollars worth of gold have been collected there this season, and that it may be safely said, the mines are inexhaustible.

As you would suppose, vice of every kind and in the most horrible forms, prevails here. The runaway sailors work a while and collect a quantity of dust, which they spend with the same recklessness as they do so much silver at home. They pay seven or eight dollars per bottle for liquor, have a "spree" from which they come out destitute, and then begin again. A great deal of sickness prevails, and as one after another dies, he is thrown aside with the utmost indifference, without even a covering of earth. There has not, as far as I can learn, been any quarrelling among the diggers. There is so much room for all to operate, that there seems no necessity for any disturbance. What will be the result of all this, I cannot have any idea. I shall improve every opportunity to inform you how I am getting along. I have seen the last man on board an English brig lying near me, hoist his chest out alone, and scull to shore, abandoning the craft to her fate—the Captain and Mates and all the others having gone before.

DOCTORS EASY AND FUSSY. There shall be two men, doctors, for example, of equal learning and skill. They are on the look-out for a practice. Doctor Easy puts his name on a brass plate on the door, and then sits down in his drawing room to wait for patients. Need I say that he has generally to wait a long time. But Doctor Fussy does not approve of the passive system. He keeps a horse and chaise before he has got a visit to make. He hires people to alarm all the neighborhood with peals of his surgery bell. He is continually called out of church, and has once ventured on having his name shouted as being immediately wanted, while attending a Lowell lecture. Not a form of advertisement does Doctor Fussy neglect, and the odds are, in the end, that he is making a thousand dollars a year, before Dr Easy has heard the rat-tat at the door of his first patient.—Now, perhaps, Doctor Fussy may, of the two, be the humbug; but I very much question whether he is the fool. What applies to these two doctors, applies generally to every trade and profession under the sun. Barring a lucky chance now and again, an adventurer will find that in the battle of life every man must be his own trumpeter. Sound your own charge, and ride over everybody, or somebody else will sound his charge, and ride over you.

### A Winter Warning.

This is the season of rheumatism, pleurisy, sore throat, coughs, colds, influenza, dyspepsin, and many other diseases, the primary cause of which must be looked for in the elements of the blood. To preserve the health, and keep the body in a condition to resist the epidemic, typhous and other maladies which frequently prevail in winter, the Rev. B HIBBARD'S, VEGETABLE ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS are confidently recommended. They are acknowledged by the faculty to be the best pills of the kind yet invented. No mineral enters into their composition. To the labors of the herbalist and the pharmacutist and not to mercury or any of its corrosive oxides, they owe their efficacy. For twenty five years they have the test of experiment, in various parts of the world, and there is but one verdict in relation to them, that of approval and praise. Their conservative influence upon the constitution, as well as upon the physical organs, tends to the prolongation of life, and the healthy condition of the system which their use produces and maintains, renders old age a period of enjoyment rather than a season of pain and penance.

For sale by R. T. Slocomb, E. Thomaston and Druggists and dealers generally in Maine. (4w49

The Western rivers above St. Louis were closed with ice on the 14th inst., and navigation suspended.

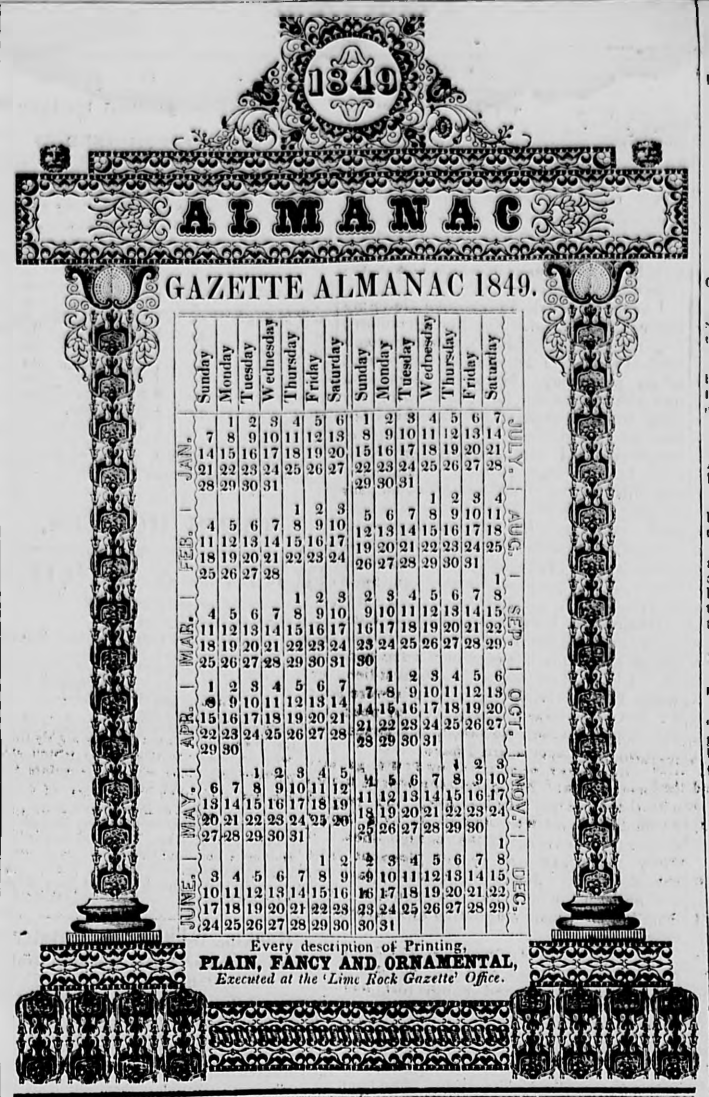
It costs $2000 to clean the streets of the lower wards of New York.

A Yankee sailed last week from Boston for California; with a venture consisting of 5000 bonnets!

The Ohio Legislature at last accounts had not organized.

The barque Eliza, Captain Perkins, cleared from Salem Thursday, for San Francisco.

Gen. Gains has been appointed to command the Western division of the army, as soon as Gen Taylor resigns.




Every description of Printing,
**PLAIN, FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL,**
*Executed at the 'Lime Rock Gazette' Office.*

☞MR. PAINE takes this opportunity, to acknowledge the receipt of twenty dollars and ten cents, having the avails of the Juvinile Exhibition recently had at Eagle Hall, four dollars of which, being taken to defray the attendant expenses, the remainder, sixteen dollars will be expended as soon as convenient, for the purchase of school apparatus, according to the notice previously given.



### MARRIAGES.

We will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble ends.

In this village, Dec. 24th, by Rev. L. P. French, Mr. William A. Foster of Thomaston, to Miss Harriet Ann Spear of East Thomaston.

In Camden, on Christmas eve. 25th. inst, by William Merriam Esq., Mr. Minot Tolman to Miss. Harriet Augusta McKellar, both of Camden.

In this village, by John Henderson Esq., Mr. James J. Bowen and Miss. Harriet E. Wentworth.

### DEATHS.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace.

In Carmel, at the residence of his son, Mr. Isaac McKenny aged 77 years.

In Thomaston, 23d inst Mrs. Mary, wife of Joseph Knowles, aged 46 years.

22d inst, a child of A. S. Jordan, aged 10 months.

## MARINE LIST.

**Port of East Thomaston.**

**Arrived.**

20th sch Sarah Hamilton, Clough, fm Bangor

**Sailed.**

20th, brig Susan Spofford, Spofford, Key West.
sch Stephen Horton, Ames, N Y
26th, brig George S. Abbot, Stanley, N. O.

**Port of Thomaston.**

SAILED.

23d, ship John Hancock, Snow, New Orleans.
Pyramid, Robinson, do.
24th, Went down river barque Theoxana, Borland, New Orleans.

Cld 25th ship Fides, Borland, Charleston, S. C. also bark California, Slater, New Orleans.

New Orleans—Advertised, Clarissa, Watts for Philadelphia, wtg. deck load of molasses on the coast.

Savannah—Ar 14th, brig Matinic, Thornike, Philadelphia.

Norfolk—Ar 18th, Anita Dunton, Bently, Thomaston.

The Elizabeth, Wilthew, from Newport, W, passed 4th inst., lat 36 27, lon 52 40, bark Elliot, of Warren, fm New Orleans last from Key West Nov. 3, for Lisbon.

Boston—Cld 23d brig Turtar, Paul, Mobile.

New York—Ar 22d, sch Leo, Hopkins, hence.

[THE POOR VICAR—CONCLUDED.]

*Jan.* 3.—To-day Mr Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I accordingly went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor to the office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter; he would, in the meanwhile, take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should then be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farwell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

With this he was quite satisfied, and said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the personage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her; and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. The lady listened to my story with great interest, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea; but they declined. Mr Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when this unpleasant visit was over.

*Jan.* 6.—Mr Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance, that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or over. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man; and that gratifies me much. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I shall go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap.—When she is spoken to she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said.—All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest; but she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I did not imagine that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket! Well, I cannot be angry. Her feelings are quite natural.

*Jan.* 8.—My farwell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C——, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not laboured as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick bed; I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope; I have gone after sinners: I have not lost the proud solely; I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all those souls that were lost to my soul are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for me and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able, indeed, to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to drink the breed of ide to my flock.

Well, be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked them. Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant for ever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

*Jan.* 12.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the gates of the old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father. I left the inn and went to Mr Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration. I told him how I had happened to lose the bond, and what hard fortunes had befallen me since. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, 'I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances, and I learn you are an honest man. Take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by.'

Saying so, he arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, 'You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children.' He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand. I could not find words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, 'Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me.'

How generous! I do not know a more noble-hearted man than Mr Withell. He was too kind to me. Desiring me to relate my past history, he introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly that I hardly dared to make use of them.

Next day Mr Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. 'See,' said I, 'this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. I pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!'

*Jan.* 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. My daughters and I were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were of course all alarmed, and cried, 'What is the matter?' Jenny, with a smile, said, 'He is coming!'

The door now opened, and in came Mr Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks, however, did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm.—But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl coloured again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for refreshments, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not remain long, and he had company at the inn. Yet, at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company that had come with him, I had supposed it was a company of comedians that had come with him and enquired whether they intended to stop and play at C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, 'yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis.'—Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired if any actors had come with him? 'No,' said he, 'only a lady and gentleman, but excellent performers.'' Jenny seemed more than usually serious, and casting a sad look at Fleetman, inquired if he also should appear. This was asked in a tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said emphatically, 'Indeed, madam, you alone can decide that!'

Jenny dropped her eyes; he continued to speak; she answerd. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but what struck me as very strange Fleetman was deeply mooved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, 'then am I indeed unhappy!'

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, 'I do believe that you two are acting now.'

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, 'Ah that it were so!'

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny and stammered out, 'Miss, in earnest, my welfare?' She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes and drank.

Fleetman became immediately more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly with a smile, 'Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New-Year's gift?'

The whole of us exclaimed in utter amazement, 'Who, you?' Our guest then proceeded to relate what follows:—'My name is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and entangled lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his.—My sister, on the contrary, was secretly engaged to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were privately married, and the little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health, and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither in disguise to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was received by you decided me.

I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for, about six months ago, I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public; so that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's berth secret is henceforth removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living which is in the gift of my family has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your situation here: I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept the living.'

I cannot tell how much I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy; I stretched out my hands to the man who came as a messenger from heaven; I fell upon his breast; Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand; but he snatched it from her with visible agitation and hurriedly left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife, who was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her husband raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologised to us all for her behavior, she thanked first me, and then Polly in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, 'My sister there has been its mother!'

Lady Sandom now approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up.—'I am your debtor,' said my lady; 'but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them.' As they embraced each other the baronet approached. 'There stands my poor brother,' said my lady; 'as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?'

Jenny blushed and replied, 'he is my father's benefactor.'

'Will you not be,' replied my lady, 'the benefactress of my poor brother?—I pray you look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!'

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as she struggled to withdraw it, 'Madam, will you be unkind to me? I cannot be happy without this hand.' Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

'Jenny,' said I, 'it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide.'

She then turned to the gentleman, who stood before her deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, 'God has decided.'

Satisfied with the decision, I blessed my son and daughter, who embraced each other. There was a solemn silence, and all eyes were wet with a pleasing emotion.

Suddenly the lively Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flinging herself on my neck, she cried, 'There! now we have it! The New-Year's gift better than a bishop's mitre.'

The vivacity of Polly awoke little Alfred.

It is in vain for me to continue the description of what occurred during this happy day. I am continually interrupted: my happy heart, full to overflowing, is thankful to God for all his goodness.

☞ A satinet factory has been burnt at Waterbury, Ct.

☞ BAD NEWS FOR OFFICE-SEEKERS.—Gen. Taylor, President elect, is said to have received a bushel of letters from office seekers and to have TWO BUSHELS more on hand, which he intends to burn before coming to Washington.

NOT BAD.—'Don't you think that fellow looks like Macready?' inquired a friend of George Hudson the other evening, pointing to a gentleman who had fallen asleep on a sofa: 'I can't say that he does,' replied George, 'he looks to me as if he was FOR-REST.' (Forrest.)

FORCE OF HABIT. Esq. Boutright of Indianapolis, has been married for the ninth time. He says he could'nt help it, he could'nt.